This Girl Right Here is Gonna Rule the World by brokenpromisesandhope

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Summary:

Every morning Nancy controls the radio in Jonathan’s car and they listen to the Pitch Perfect 3 soundtrack.

This Girl Right Here is Gonna Rule the World

Author's Note:

- For 14winters.

  > So this started as a headcanon but I feel like with as long as it got it's more of a ficlet/fic which is why I'm posting it. This is so fluffy and happy and precious and I'd like to dedicate it to my girl NancyKali who's having a hard time right now.
  > Comment/kudos please
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So Nancy is terrified of driving for some reason. It just freaks her out, like she has her permit and will be 17 in 2 months but hasn't taken the test because it just freaks her out. (of course Jonathan and Steve help to try to teach her how to drive but that's another time) so anyway, Jonathan volunteers to drive her to school everyday. Steve lives in the opposite direction and closer to Dustin, Lucas and Max, and after the whole Billy thing, he is never leaving her alone with him again. (Plus Dustin wanted to ride with Steve whether it was convenient or not.)

So anyway, Pitch Perfect 3 came out and the entire gang went to the movies to see it- El had never been to a movie, Dustin (and Nancy) had a huge crush on Anna Kendrick and it was another cold snow day of them all being stuck in their perspective houses so Steve had used his Mom's debit card to treat them.

And all of a sudden, all Nancy listens to is the Pitch Perfect 3 soundtrack. And El only encourages her, never having seen a musical or heard covers or even half of the songs. So every single morning, Jonathan pulls up to the Wheelers house and Will mumbles, "here we go" even though he sings along to every word, especially Cheap Thrills, and El smacks him on the shoulder,
"Stop! I like it so much!"

Will rubs his shoulder,

“Sorry El.”

Nancy bounces up to the car with her travel coffee cup that says “There’s a chance this is vodka” and swings open the door plopping down,

“Morning y’all,” she leans over to give Jonathan a deep kiss that only ends when Mike kicks her seat,

“Come on or we’re gonna be late!”

Nancy pulls away,
“Fine,” she puts her cup in the cup holder and plugs the aux cord into her phone, and turns up the radio to full blast,

“This is for you Mike,” she says, tugging out a tube of red lipstick as ‘Sit Still Look Pretty’ blasts. Nancy is so obnoxious as she sings and dances in her seat, tapping Jonathan and applying lipstick obnoxiously and turning to sing in Mike’s face until he shoves her away.

It’s funny because she actually has a nice voice and the car is full of a mix of Hailee Steinfeld, Nancy and El. Once Nancy finishes applying her lipstick she blows a kiss to Jonathan and El hollers over the music for some. Nancy laughs and hands it to her, watching in the rear view mirror as the younger girl attempts to apply lipstick and sing.

It ends up all over her face and she pouts, handing the lipstick back to Nancy as the next song starts playing, and pouting,
“This looks a disaster,” she whines, stretching up to look in the rear view mirror.

“El put your seatbelt on!” Jonathan says hysterically.

“Look at this!” She whines to Nancy.

“It’s okay El, I’ll fix it when we get to school, I promise.”

“You promise?”

“Of course sweetie.”

They finally pull up to the parking lot and Mike barely waits until the car is stopped to jump out, and race to Steve's car to meet his friends. Will gets out slower and Nancy grabs a handful of napkins and her water bottle out of her backpack so she can fix El's face,
"Come on girly," she opens her door and turns to swing her body out.

El nearly throws herself out of the car to stand in front of Nancy. She's wearing a sparkly headband that pushes her short brown curls back and Nancy smiles, using the damp napkins to clean up the smeared lipstick.

Once it's cleaned up from around her mouth, Nancy gently traces over her lips correctly. Unfortunately there's still some light pink staining on her skin, so Nancy pulls out her face powder and cleans up the edges of her mouth so it looks perfect. She lets El check herself in the mirror and she smiles wide, throwing her arms around Nancy,

"Thank you Nancy."

"You're welcome El, now lets go!"

She grabs her backpack and coffee and heads over to the kids and her two boyfriends. They look so good together, Steve's got an arm wrapped around Jonathan's waist and he's wearing his tight ass jeans and he's tucked his arm into Jonathan's flannel because he's an idiot and wearing a short sleeve shirt even though it's kind of cold.

"What took you so long?" Steve asks, turning away from kissing Jonathan's cheek.

"You look hot," Dustin says sliding off the hood of the car.

Nancy smiles and takes a drink of her coffee,
"You better watch it Steve, I have plenty of other suitors! Thank you Dusty," she ruffles his hair and he makes that weird purring noise at her which makes her laugh.

"We we're doing girl stuff," she says, linking arms with El.

Max frowns,
"Why am I never invited to do girl stuff ?"

Nancy's face drops,
"Oh my gosh, honey I am so sorry. Do you want some lipstick? Jonathan maybe we should pick up Max too!"

"No, it's okay,"

Nancy shakes her head fiercely and digs her lipstick out of her purse and pulls Max close to her, tucking a lock of hair behind her ear and gently applying the lipstick to the younger girl,

"Now rub your lips together," Nancy says, demonstrating.

Max does and Nancy smiles,
"Perfect. As far as girl stuff, maybe we can have a slumber party or something this weekend. Just us girls."

"Fun!" Says El.

"Yes, it will be fun," Nancy says smiling.

Max heads back to Lucas to ask if he likes her lipstick and Dustin, Will and Mike are walking ahead as if embarrassed of them.

Steve unwraps himself from Steve and hugs Nancy, giving her a kiss,
"You're such a good big sister."

She blushes but smiles and grabs his hand,
"Come on, walk to me to class,"

They start off, Jonathan grabbing her other hand, and carrying her coffee for her when she notices El lagging behind. She stops and turns around,

"Come on El, what's the hold up?"

El just shakes her head so Nancy detached from her boys and heads over her. El is fairly short, probably from being malnourished all those years and she crouches down so she's her height,

"What's wrong?"

"What if I look like dumb?"

“You don’t look dumb, you look like a badass.”

She shakes her head,
“Not like you.”

“Exactly like me! Listen, if anyone says anything mean, you tell them Nancy Wheeler is gonna kick their ass.”

She laughs,
“You’re not scary.”

“Fine. Steve Harrington is gonna kick their ass.”

She laughs,
“He’s kinda scary I guess.”

“Come on, we’re gonna be late for ruling the world.”

El raises an eyebrow confused,
“Class?”

“That too,” Nancy says with a wink.

She wraps her hand around El’s and pulls her along, and Steve catches her other hand, leaving Jonathan stuck with the coffee, to which he frowns,

“Hey.”

“Hey you. The only thing a boy’s gonna give a girl for free is captivity,” she sings along to the song and Steve busts out laughing.

Jonathan smacks him in the chest,
“Hey, if you wanna drive them around a listen to that every single day, be my guest.”

Steve laughs,
“Maybe I will. I certainly give her more than captivity,” he makes a crude gesture featuring his fingers in a V and his tongue which thankfully El doesn’t see.

“What are you on this morning? Crack?” Nancy asks, cheeks flushed.

“I may have had some espresso.”

“Same thing for you! Especially with your meds!”

“Alright mom,” Steve rolls his eyes, “I’ll walk El to class. I’ll see you at lunch?”

“See you at lunch baby,” Nancy leans up to press a kiss to his mouth and he smiles, pecking Jonathan too, before taking El’s hand and walking away.

“Have a good day Ellie Bellie!” Nancy calls.

Jonathan wraps an arm around Nancy’s waist and smiles into her neck,
“You’re gonna be a good mama.”

Nancy scoffs,
“Ew! Speaking of which, we need more condoms. ASAP. Oh my god I can’t believe you just said that. No sex for you mister.”

Jonathan laughs and his fingers tighten around her waist as they head to their first class.